Ghost Trains

Morgan Geist

Crash on the highway,
Stranded between
My friends had waited,
But left without me
A glimpse on the platform,
We met on the train
She came from further,
Heading my way

Three days in April,
Three years ago
One black eyed stranger
I learned to know
Made all my plans stop
Shook me off track
Ten days of longing
I followed her back

A plane made of paper
Struck by the light
Circled forever
Over the city at night
Like a movie,
Like a song,
How it should be
Being young

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